



CHURCH OF GOD BANNER



www.onalaskachurchofgod.com

MAY, 2017

FIRST CHURCH OF GOD: 3RD. AVE. & HWY. 508 ONALASKA, WASHINGTON 98570

THE TALE OF TWO PEBBLES

By Edward de Bono

Many years ago in a small Indian village, a farmer had the misfortune of owing a large sum of money to a village moneylender. The moneylender, who was old and ugly, fancied the farmer's beautiful daughter. So he proposed a bargain. He said he would forgo the farmer's debt if he could marry his daughter.

Both the farmer and his daughter were horrified by the proposal. So the cunning money-lender suggested that they let providence decide the matter. He told them that he would put a black pebble and a white pebble into an empty money bag. Then the girl would have to pick one pebble from the bag.

If she picked the black pebble, she would become his wife and her father's debt would be forgiven. If she picked the white pebble she need not marry him and her father's debt would still be forgiven. If she refused to pick a pebble, her father would be thrown into jail.

They were standing on a pebble strewn path in the farmer's field. As they talked, the moneylender bent over to pick up two

pebbles. As he picked them up, the sharp-eyed girl noticed that he had picked up two black pebbles and put them into the bag. He then asked the girl to pick a pebble from the bag.

Now, imagine that you were standing in the field. What would you have done if you were the girl? If you had to advise her, what would you have told her? Take a moment to ponder this. What would you recommend that the girl do?



The girl put her hand into the money-bag and drew out a pebble. Without looking at it, she fumbled and let it fall onto the pebble-strewn path

where it immediately became lost among all the other pebbles.

"Oh, how clumsy of me!" she said. "But never mind, if you look into the bag for the one that is left, you will be able to tell which pebble I picked."

The moneylender dared not admit his dishonesty. The girl changed what seemed an impossible situation into an extremely advantageous one.

Most problems do have a solution, sometimes we just need to think in a different way.

James 1:5 (GW) *If any of you needs wisdom to know what you should do, you should ask God, and he will give it to you. God is generous to everyone and doesn't find fault with them.*

MOTHER'S DAY

Author Unknown

A man stopped at a flower shop to order some flowers to be wired to his mother who lived two hundred miles away.

As he got out of his car he noticed a young girl sitting on the curb sobbing.

He asked her what was wrong and she replied, "I wanted to buy a red rose for my mother and I don't have enough money."

The man smiled and said, "Come on in with me. I'll buy you a rose."

He bought the little girl her rose and ordered his own mother's flowers.

As they were leaving he offered the girl a ride home. She said, "Yes, please! You can take me to my mother."

She directed him to a cemetery, where she placed the rose on a freshly dug grave.

The man returned to the flower shop, canceled the wire order, picked up a bouquet and drove the two hundred miles to his mother's house.



GET A GRIP ON THE WORD BY HEARING

Kathleen A. Mulkins

"...faith comes from hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ.

Romans 10:17 (NASB)

Someone once told me that the Bible was meant to be heard more than read. In a society where few were literate, that makes sense. Yet there's reading and then there's reading. God can speak through even the poorest of readers. However the better the reader and the more the reader comprehends what they're reading, the more the listeners can grasp.

When you think of "hearing" God's Word, most people think of sermons and this is probably how most people hear God's Word. At least they will hear God's Word if the sermon is based on scripture. The biggest problem is that a lot of people rely solely on hearing a sermon or someone else's teaching. And most people listen passively.

The difference between passive and active listening is huge. Passive listening is waiting to hear something that grabs you. Some even take notes of what impresses them. The latter is better than just sitting and listening. But active listening is the better and the hearer will gain so much more from what they hear. The active listener is asking questions in their mind – "What am I hearing I need to trust Jesus with?" "If I understand this, how will this help me trust God more?" "When do I need to do this?" The basic questions of who, what, when, where,

why, how will be constantly in the listener's mind. The active listener is always seeking the application point and thinking of how soon they can apply what they're hearing.

You can also hear God's Word in songs. The hymnal in our church has a scripture that each song is based on or refers to. Some songs are pure scripture which makes them easy to memorize (and memorization is one of the ways to get a better grip on the Word!). Application is again a major part. I'm fond

of changing words slightly in songs to turn them into immediate actions – instead of "I will praise Him" – meaning – I'm telling someone else I'm going to

praise God to "I will praise **You**" – meaning, I'm choosing to praise you now!"

Two other ways to hear God's Word is through the responsive reading or scripture reading during a worship service and listening to the Bible on tape or CD.

When I lived in San Bernardino, I listened to a local radio station as I got ready for work. They would air 15 minutes of Bible reading (King James version recorded by Alexander Scoby) every day. If the listeners tuned in every day, they heard the entire Bible in a year. Just 15 minutes a day! When I listened actively, the scripture ministered to me throughout the day. After all *"All Scripture is God-breathed and is useful for teaching, rebuking, correcting and training in righteousness, so that the man of God may be thoroughly equipped for every good work."*
2 Timothy 3:16 (NIV)

Listening to a CD or tape recording of the Bible **while you**



read is a great way to learn to pronounce some of those hard to pronounce names and help keep you on track while you read. Just be sure you're listening to an audio recording of the same translation you're reading. More on how to get a grip on the Word by reading next month.

LESSON FROM THE HEDGEHOGS – TEAMWORK

Author Unknown

It was the coldest winter ever. Many animals died because of the cold.

The hedgehogs, realizing the situation, decided to group together to keep warm. This way they covered and protected themselves; but the quills of each one wounded their closest companions.

After awhile, they decided to distance themselves one from the other and they began to die, alone and frozen.



So they had to make a choice: either accept the quills of their companions or disappear from the Earth.

Wisely, they decided to go back to being together. They learned to live with the little wounds caused by the close relationship with their companions in order to receive the heat that came from the others. This way they were able to survive.

The best relationship is not the one that brings together perfect people, but when each individual learns to live with the imperfections of others and can admire the other person's good qualities.

ALASKA'S HAPPENINGS

OPPORTUNITIES FOR WORSHIP AND SERVICE

SUNDAYS

MORNING WORSHIP 8:15 AM
& 11:00 AM
SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 AM

MONDAY'S

BIBLE STUDY: REVELATION
1:00 PM

~

MONDAY, MARCH 8th

TEA & PRAISE: 10:00 am
WINLOCK SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST
CHURCH

~

SATURDAY MAY 13th

MEN'S BREAKFAST @ LISA'S:
8:00 AM

~

CHURCH COUNCIL MEETING:
9:30 AM

~

LADIES LUNCHEON:
11:00 AM

~

SUNDAY, MAY 21st

FOOD BANK SUNDAY

~

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17th

SENIORS ON THE GO: 12:00 PM

PNA EVENT

MEN'S RETREAT
MAY 19-21

AT DOUBLE K RETREAT
&

ADVENTURE CENTER

Please see Pastor for further details

I received the following from my sister Katie Jackson in Scottsdale, Arizona. I am not sure if she wrote this herself or if it comes from someone else, but it spoke to my heart and I wanted to share it with all who read our Newsletter and let you know I am praying that you will dance.

When I meditated on the word guidance, I kept seeing "dance" at the end of the word.

I remember reading that doing God's will is a lot like dancing. When two people try to lead, nothing feels right. The movement doesn't flow with the music, and everything is quite uncomfortable and jerky.

When one person realizes and lets the other lead, both bodies begin to flow with the music. One gives gentle cues, perhaps with a nudge to the back or by pressing lightly in one direction or another. It's as if two become one body, moving beautifully. The dance takes surrender, willingness, and attentiveness from



one person and gentle guidance and skill from the other.

My eyes drew back to the word guidance. When I saw "G," I thought of God, followed by "U" and "I." God: God, You, and I dance. This statement is what guidance means to me.

My prayer for you today is that God's blessings and mercies are upon you and your family on this day and everyday. May you abide in Him as He abides in you. Dance together with God, trusting Him to lead and to guide you through each season of your life.

God, I ask you to bless my dear family. Show them a new revelation of your love and the power of the Holy Spirit. I ask You to minister to their spirit at this very moment. Where there is self-doubt, release a renewed confidence through Your grace.

In Jesus' Precious Name, Amen

◇ Received from Katie Jackson

Isaiah 30:21 (KJV)

And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.

REFLECTIONS OF LOVE CONCERT

Ron & Kathy Green will be ministering in our church on Mother's Day, May 21. They will be sharing their faith in song during both the 8:15 and 11:00 am service. We will be receiving a love offering for them at the end of the services.

There would be a wonderful time to invite family, friends and neighbors to come and enjoy good Gospel music.

Check out their website: ronandkathy.org



THE DAFFODIL PRINCIPLE

Several times my daughter had telephoned to say, "Mother, you must come to see the daffodils before they are over." I wanted to go, but it was a two-hour drive from Laguna to Lake Arrowhead "I will come next Tuesday", I promised a little reluctantly on her third call.

Next Tuesday dawned cold and rainy. Still, I had promised, and reluctantly I drove there. When I finally walked into Carolyn's house I was welcomed by the joyful sounds of happy children. I delightedly hugged and greeted my grandchildren.

"Forget the daffodils, Carolyn! The road is invisible in these clouds and fog, and there is nothing in the world except you and these children that I want to see badly enough to drive another inch!"

My daughter smiled calmly and said, "We drive in this all the time, Mother." "Well, you won't get me back on the road until it clears, and then I'm heading for home!" I assured her.

"But first we're going to see the daffodils. It's just a few blocks," Carolyn said. "I'll drive. I'm used to this."

"Carolyn," I said sternly, "Please turn around." "It's all right, Mother, I promise. You will never forgive yourself if you miss this experience."

After about twenty minutes, we turned onto a small gravel road and I saw a small church. On the far side of the church, I saw a hand lettered sign with an arrow that read, "Daffodil Garden." We got out of the car, each took a child's hand, and I followed Carolyn down the path. Then, as we turned a corner, I looked up and gasped. Before me lay the most glorious sight. It looked as though

someone had taken a great vat of gold and poured it over the mountain peak and its surrounding slopes. The flowers were planted in majestic, swirling patterns, great ribbons and swaths of deep orange, creamy white, lemon yellow, salmon pink, and saffron and butter yellow. Each different-colored variety was planted in large groups so that it swirled and flowed like its own river with its own unique hue. There were five acres of flowers.

"Who did this?" I asked Carolyn. "Just one woman," Carolyn answered. "She lives on the property. That's her home." Carolyn pointed to a well-kept A-frame house, small and modestly sitting in the midst of all that glory. We walked up to the house.

On the patio, we saw a poster. "Answers to the Questions I Know You Are Asking", was the headline. The first answer was a simple one. "50,000 bulbs," it read. The second answer was, "One at a time, by one woman. Two hands, two feet, and one brain." The third answer was, "Began in 1958."

For me, that moment was a life changing experience. I thought of this woman whom I had never met, who, more than forty years before, had begun, one bulb at a time, to bring her vision of beauty and joy to an obscure mountaintop. Planting one bulb at a time, year after year, this unknown woman had forever changed the world in which she lived. One day at a time, she had created something of extraordinary magnificence, beauty, and inspiration. The principle

her daffodil garden taught is one of the greatest principles of celebration.

That is, learning to move toward

our goals and desires one step at a time—often just one baby-step at a time—and learning to love the doing, learning to use the accumulation of time.

When we multiply tiny pieces of time with small increments of daily effort, we too will find we can accomplish magnificent things. We can change the world.

"It makes me sad in a way," I admitted to Carolyn. "What might I have accomplished if I had thought of a wonderful goal thirty-five or forty years ago and had worked away at it 'one bulb at a time' through all those years? Just think what I might have been able to achieve!"

My daughter summed up the message of the day in her usual direct way. "Start tomorrow," she said.

She was right. It's so pointless to think of the lost hours of yesterdays. The way to make learning a lesson of celebration instead of a cause for regret is to only ask, How can I put this to use today?"

Use the Daffodil Principle. Stop waiting...

There is no better time than right now to be happy. Happiness is a journey, not a destination. So work like you don't need money. Love like you've never been hurt, and, Dance like no one's watching.

Wishing you a beautiful, daffodil day! Don't be afraid that your life will end, be afraid that it will never begin.

◇ Received from Susan Olsen



Q
U
I
Z



There was no quiz last month so I will try and stump you with a quiz this month.

*The writing was upon the wall,
I knew that she would kill them
all*

*But what could I a sister say,
I couldn't let her have her way.
And so I hide him where God
dwells*

*The hiding place worked out
real well.*

*Now tell me my name if you
think you can
And the one I hid would be
just grand
And the name of the one who
wanted him slain
The winning prize you will gain.*

MICHAEL'S SONG

Like any good mother, when Karen found out that another baby was on the way, she did what she could to help her 3-year-old son, Michael, prepare for a new sibling. They found out that the new baby was going to be a girl, and day after day, night after night, Michael sang to his sister in Mommy's tummy. He was building a bond of love with his little sister before he even met her.

The pregnancy progressed normally for Karen, an active member of the Panther Creek United Methodist Church in Morristown, Tennessee. In time, the labor pains came. Soon it was every five

minutes, every three...every minute. But serious complications arose during delivery and Karen found herself in hours of labor. Would a C-section be required? Finally, after a long struggle, Michael's little sister was born. But she was in very serious condition. With a siren howling in the night, the ambulance rushed the infant to the neonatal intensive care unit at St. Mary's Hospital, Knoxville, Tennessee. The days inched by. The little girl got worse. The pediatrician had to tell the parents, "There is very little hope. Be prepared for the worst."

Karen and her husband contacted a local cemetery about a burial plot. They had fixed up a special room in their house for their new baby but now they found themselves having to plan for a funeral.

Michael, however, kept begging his parents to let him see his sister.

"I want to sing to her," he kept saying.

Week two in intensive care looked as if a funeral would come before the week was over. Michael kept nagging about singing to his sister, but kids are never allowed in Intensive Care. Karen made up her mind, though. She would take Michael whether they liked it or not! If he didn't see his sister right then, he may never see her alive. She dressed him in an oversized scrub suit and marched him into ICU. He looked like a walking laundry basket, but the head nurse recognized him as the mild-mannered mother glared steel-eyed right into the head nurse's face, her lips a firm line.

"He is not leaving until he sings to his sister!"

Karen towed Michael to his sister's bedside. He gazed at the tiny infant losing the battle to live. After a moment, he began to sing.

In the pure-hearted voice of a 3 year-old, Michael sang: "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, you make me happy when skies are gray ---"



Instantly the baby girl seemed to respond. The pulse rate began to calm down and become steady.

"Keep on singing, Michael," encouraged Karen with tears in her eyes.

"You never know, dear, how much I love you, Please don't take my sunshine away-"

As Michael sang to his sister, the baby's ragged, strained breathing became as smooth as a kitten's purr.

"Keep on singing, sweetheart!!!"

"The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping, I dreamed I held you in my arms..."

Michael's little sister began to relax and rest, a healing rest, seemed to sweep over her.

"Keep on singing, Michael." Tears had now conquered the face of the bossy head nurse. Karen glowed.

"You are my sunshine, my only Sunshine. Please don't, take my sunshine away..."

The next, day...the very next day...the little girl was well enough to go home. Woman's Day Magazine called it "The Miracle of a Brother's Song."

The medical staff just called it a miracle.

Karen called it a miracle of God's love!

Jeremiah 32:17 (KJV)

Ah Lord GOD! behold, thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee: